

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded, Weekly, and in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 179.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1822.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

The Liberal. Verse and Prose from the South. Volume the first, 8vo. pp. 164. London, 1822.

'On! Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name,' exclaimed the beautiful and accomplished Madame Roland, when she viewed a statue of the goddess on the scaffold, as she submitted her neck to the axe of the guillotine. Indeed, it is notorious that liberty, virtue, and even religion, have been the pretext for most of the persecutions with which men and nations have been visited. The abuse of names has, in fact, been so frequent, that they no longer possess any definite meaning. This abuse is particularly striking in the titles of books and journals; and it would form a curious subject to point out how much their contents are at variance with their titles and professions. Nor is even the present work exempt from this inconsistency; it is entitled 'The Liberal,' without a spark of liberality, generosity, or even good nature in it. It is, indeed, a compound of 'hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness;' and, therefore, has as little pretensions to honour or honesty, as any journal that ever appeared since periodicals were introduced into the literature of any country.

It is pretty generally known that, some six or eight months ago, Leigh Hunt left Hampstead to contemplate the bright sun and unclouded skies of Italy; and with the intention of joining Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley in commencing an English periodical. Pisa was fixed for the scene of action, and arrangements were making on an extensive scale, for giving a view of Spanish, German, and Italian literature, as well as for smuggling those principles and doctrines from Pisa, which could not be so safely asserted in England. The melancholy death of Mr. Shelley must have injured the firm considerably, for on him depended such portions of the work as were to relate to Spanish and

German literature; and it is well known that, as to abusing religion and propagating the doctrines of atheism and infidelity, he was quite as *au fait* as either Lord Byron or Mr. Leigh Hunt; indeed, it would appear, from a recent publication of the noble lord's, that he did not go quite as far as Mr. Shelley in some of his metaphysical, or rather atheistical speculations. Horne Tooke compared embarking in politics to travelling in a stage-coach towards London; some of the passengers would get out at one place, some at another, and a few would reach town; but no further than Hounslow will I go, said Tooke. Travelling the road of infidelity, we presume, is much the same as that of politics. Atheism we suppose is the goal or London. Lord Byron would go no further than Hounslow. Where Mr. Leigh Hunt would stop we know not.

But to the 'Liberal,' which contains twelve distinct articles; the whole of which, with the exception of 'May Day Night,' a poetical translation from Goethe's 'Faust,' by Mr. Shelley, are by Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt. The preface we suspect to be a joint production; for it has one or two touches of the spirit of Byron, and all the mawkishness of Mr. Hunt; we would almost venture to lay a wager that the preface was written by Mr. Hunt, but that his lordship threw in a few words here and there, which makes the whole readable.

The first and the principal article in the 'Liberal' is 'The Vision of Judgment,' a blasphemous parody of a profane piece of absurdity of the same name, by Mr. Southey—a sort of Coke upon Littleton in impiety. To such of our readers as file our journal (and we know they are numerous, as Blackwood would say) we request that they will turn to No. 97, of the *Literary Chronicle*, where they will find an exposure of Mr. Southey's impious mummery, and it will, at the same time, be a sort of introduction to our notice of the more ingenious, but still more profane 'Vision' of Lord Byron. There is certainly considerable difference in the

metre. Mr. Southey's 'Vision' was in imitation of the ancient Latin hexameter; Lord Byron's is in that light and agreeable slipshod style of which his Beppo was the first and best specimen: a stile which is, perhaps, of all others, the most dangerous for disseminating baneful principles,—since the gravest opinions are infused with a mixture of playfulness, which disarms the judgment, and too often obtains indulgence, if not praise, where condemnation is most merited.

In the 'Vision of Judgment' there are many instances of the facility with which Lord Byron unites the sublime and the ridiculous; and we could really laugh at the vagaries of a man of lofty and commanding genius, did we not perceive the subtle poison lurking in every line.

Mr. Southey, it will be recollected, 'dreamed a dream,' in which he brought his late venerated Majesty to judgment. The accusers of the good King were called, when none appeared but Wilkes and Junius. The former keeping, as Mathews would say, one eye fixed upon the King and the other upon Satan, was a very bad witness, and Junius no better; on which the Devil 'swung them aloft and in vengeance hurled them abroad far into the sulphureous darkness.' Mr. Southey brought forward numerous other persons, on whom he passed judgment, and assigned them places where he listed; of all the kings, however, that ever reigned in England, he could not name above half a dozen of them in the abode of eternal happiness. Where the rest went to, Mr. Southey dreamed not.

Lord Byron, following the example of the Laureate, also brings George the Third to judgment, how and in what manner will be seen hereafter. But here we must observe, that if, in the course of our notice, we should quote some passages which are more deserving of the notice of the Attorney General than the critic, it is only in the way of giving a fair view of this poem, and of exposing its daring impiety. The opening stanzas are perhaps the least exceptionable. The poem thus begins:—

'Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull—
So little trouble had been given of late;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight,"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull altogether," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

'The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

'The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business fill'd naught in the sky,
Save the recording angel's black bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in
quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

'His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will, no
doubt,
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)
For some resource to turn himself about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
By the increased demand for his remarks;
Six angels and twelve saints were named his
clerks.

'This was a handsome board—at least for
heaven;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day, too, slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust,—
The page was so besmear'd with blood and
dust.

'This by the way; tis not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the very Devil
On this occasion his own work abhor'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel;
Though he himself had sharpened every sword,
It almost quenched his innate thirst of evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves inser-
tion—

'Tis that he has both generals in reversion.)

From the battle of Waterloo, the
poet passes over 'a few short years of
hollow peace,' which he tells us,—

'Peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
And heaven none,'

to the death of George the Third,
whose memory he insults, and whose
melancholy afflictions are to him the
subject of sport. A more diabolical
and atrocious libel on the memory of
any individual no human being ever
penned; and we blush to think that a
man—a nobleman of cultivated mind
and extraordinary genius, could betray
such brutal, such cold-blooded malign-
ity as is in the following stanza:—

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
Died George the Third; although no tyrant,
one

Who shielded tyrants, till each sense with-
drawn

Left him nor mental nor external sun:
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died—but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.'

Where he speaks of the funeral of
his late Majesty, his libel is as false as
it is malicious:—

'Of all

The fools who flock'd to swell or see the
show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
There throbb'd not there a thought which
pierced the pall;
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.'

The attack on Queen Charlotte, who
could have no enemies but in infidels
and libertines, like the author of this
poem, is equally base. Still speaking
of his late Majesty, he says,—

'The world is gone for him,
Unless he left a German will;
But where's the proctor who will ask his son?
In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncom-
mon,
Of constancy to a bad ugly woman.'

But, to proceed with the poem; a
wonderous noise awakens St. Peter,
who,—

'With first a start and then a wink,'
Said, "there's another star gone out I think."

It is announced that George the
Third is coming; and, after some un-
charitable jokes about Louis XVI.
coming, and being admitted because
he had no head, we have the arrival of
his late Majesty:—

'While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan,
Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,
Or Thames, or Tweed) and 'midst them an old
man

With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
Seated their fellow traveller on a cloud.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host
A spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is
paved;

His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost;
Pierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And where he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

'The very cherubs huddled altogether,
Like birds when soars the falcon; and they
felt

A tingling to the tip of every feather,
And form'd a circle like Orion's belt
Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew
whither

His guards had led him, though they gently
dealt

With royal manes (for by many stories,
And true, we learn the angels all are Tories.)

This description is powerful, and the

following of the arch-angel Michael is
still better:—

'And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing
fight:

My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
With earthly likenesses, for here the night
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

'Twas the archangel Michael: all men know
The make of angels and archangels, since
There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.
There also are some altar pieces, though
I really can't say that they much evince
One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

'Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
A goodly work of him from whom all glory
And good arise; the portal past—he stood;
Before him the young cherubs and saint
hoary,

(I say *young*, begging to be understood
By looks, not years; and should be very
sorry

To state, they were not older than Saint Peter,
But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter.)

'The cherubs and the saints bow'd down be-
fore

That arch angelic Hierach, the first
Of Essences angelical, who wore
The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nurst
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core,
No thought, save for his Maker's service durst
Intrude, however glorified and high;
He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

'He and the sombre silent spirit met—
They knew each other both for good and ill;
Such was their power, that neither could forget
His former friend and future foe; but still
There was a high, immortal, proud regret
In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their "Champ Clos"
the spheres.'

After the salutations between Mi-
chael and Satan are over, they discuss
their respective claims to the good old
King. With the refusal to emanci-
pate the Roman Catholics and other
accusations against the King, Satan al-
leges the following:—

"He came to his sceptre, young; he leaves
it, old:

Look to the state in which he found his
realm,

And left it; and his annals too behold:
How to a minion first he gave the helm;

How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,—
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but
glance

Thine eye along America and France!

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last;
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
So let him be consumed! From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
Of sin and slaughter—from the Caesar's
school,

Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with
the slain."

Michael interrupts Satan in his charges, and bids him call his witnesses, when we are told :—

'Upon the verge of space, about the size
Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd,
(I've seen a something like it in the skies
In the Ægean, ere a squall;) it near'd,
And, growing bigger, took another guise;
Like an aerial ship it tack'd and steer'd
Or was steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza
stammer;

'But take your choice;) and then it grew a
cloud,

And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.
But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd
Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw
these;
They shadow'd with their myriads space; their
loud

And varied cries were like those of wild-
geese,

(If nations may be liken'd to a goose)
And realized the phrase of "hell broke loose."

Michael stands appalled, and thus
addresses Satan :—

"Why—

My good old friend, for such I deem you,
though

Our different parties make us fight so shy,
I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
Our difference is *political*, and I

Trust that, whatever may occur below,
You know my great respect for you; and this
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss."

It is agreed that Wilkes and Junius,
(Mr. Southey's two witnesses,) shall be
called :—

'A merry, cock-eyed, curious looking sprite,
Upon the instant started from the throng,
Drest in a fashion now forgotten quite;

For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
By people in the next world; where unite
All the costumes since Adam's right or wrong,
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

'The spirit look'd around upon the crowds
Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My friends of
all

The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these
clouds;

So let's to business: why this general call?
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,

And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote."

Wilkes being reminded, that 'to
judge of Kings is the tribunal met'
equivocates in his evidence, when—

"Wilkes," said the devil, "I understand all
this;

You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,
And seem to think it would not be amiss

To grow a whole one on the other side
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*

Reign is concluded; whatso'er betide,
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your
labour,

For at the best he will but be your neighbour."

Junius is next called, when—

'The Shadow came! a tall, thin, gray-hair'd fi-
gure,

That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;
Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
But naught to mark its breeding or its birth:

Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,
With now an air of gloom or savage mirth;
But as you gazed upon its features, they
Changed every instant—to *what*; none could
say.

'The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
Could they distinguish whose the features
were;

The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;
They varied like a dream—now here, now
there;

And several people swore from out the press,
They knew him perfectly; and one could
swear

He was his father; upon which another
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

'Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight

Mysterious chang'd his countenance at least
As oft as they their minds: though in full sight
He stood, the puzzle only was increased;

The man was a phantasmagoria in
Himself—he was so volatile and thin!

'The moment that you had pronounced him *one*,
Presto! his face changed, and he was ano-
ther;

And when that change was hardly well put on,
It varied, till I don't think his own mother
(If that he had a mother) would her son

Have known, he shifted so from one to t'other,
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
At this epistolary "iron mask."

'For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—
"Three gentlemen at once," (as sagely says
Good Mrs. Malaprop;) then you might deem

That he was not even *one*; now many rays
Were flashing round him; and now a thick
steam

Hid him from sight—like fogs on London
days:

Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's
fancies,

And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.'

* * * * *

"And who and what art thou?" the archan-
gel said,

"For *that*, you may consult my title-page,"
Replied this mighty Shadow of a Shade:

"If I have kept my secret half an age,
I scarce shall tell it now."—"Canst thou up-
braid,"

Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You had
better

First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

"My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."

"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some
past

Exaggeration? something which may doom
Thyself, if false, as him if true? Thou wast
Too bitter—is it not so? in thy gloom

Of passion?" "Passion!" cried the phantom
dim,

"I loved my country, and I hated him.

"What I have written, I have written: let
The rest be on his head or mine." So spoke

Old "Nominis Umbra;" and while speaking yet,
Away he melted in celestial smoke.

Then Sathan said to Michael, "Don't forget
To call George Washington, and John Horne

Tooke,
And Franklin:"—but at this time there was
heard

A cry for room, though not a phantom stir'd.'

The poet now comes to the principal
object of his poem, an attack on Mr.
Southey, and here he disappoints us:
for although there are some spirited
passages, yet it is not in that happy
vein of humour which cuts deep and
keenly, which we should have expect-
ed from his lordship's pen, particularly
when directed against an individual who
so well deserves the lash as the author
of *Wat Tyler*. Asmodeus calls the
Laureate, who, among other crimes,
anticipates the very business the tri-
bunal is upon, and scribbles as if head
clerk to the Fates. The bard, with
difficulty, obtains a hearing :—

'The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;

A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
A smart and sharper looking sort of grace

To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
Was by no means so ugly as his case;

But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
Quite a poetic felony "*de se*"

'Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the
noise

With one still greater, as is yet the mode
On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,

Which now and then will make a slight in-
road

Upon decorous silence, few will twice
Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;

And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

'He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his
way

Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould de-
lay

Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread)
And take up rather more time than a day,

To name his works—he would but cite a few—
Wat Tyler—*Rhymes on Blenheim*—*Waterloo*.

'He had written praises of a regicide;

He had written praises of all kings whatever;
He had written for republics far and wide,

And then against them bitterer than ever;
For pantisocracy he once had cried

Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
Then grew a hearty antijacobin—

Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his
skin.

'He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd

Reviewing* "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as ere crawl'd—

Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been

maul'd :—
He had written much blank verse, and blanker
prose,

And more of both than any body knows.

'He had written *Wesley's Life* :—here, turning
round

To Sathan, "Sir, I'm ready to write your's,
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,

With notes and preface, all that most allures
The pious purchaser: and there's no ground

For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
So let me have the proper documents,

That I may add you to my other saints."

* See "*Life of H. Kirke White*."

'Sathan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There are few
Whose memoirs could be rendered more di-
vine.

Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you shine
Like your own trumpet; by the way, my own
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vi-
sion!

Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you
shall

Judge with my judgment! and by my decision
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall!

I settle all these things by intuition,
Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell,
and all,

Like King Alfonso! When I thus see double,
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

"He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils or saints
Or angels now could stop the torrent; so

He read the first three lines of the contents;
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his "melodious
twang"†

"Those grand heroics acted as a spell:

The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their
pinions;

The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell,
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own de-
mons—

—(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his opinions;)
Michael took refuge in his trump—but lo!
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

"Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down;
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
Into his lake, for there he did not drown,
A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the laureate's final wreath, whene'er
Reform shall happen either here or there.

"He first sunk to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
For all corrupted things are buoy'd, like corks,†
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vi-
sion,"

As Wellborn says—"the devil turn'd preci-
sian."

One stanza only remains, which states
that 'King George slipped into Heav-
en for one.' This is charitable, cer-
tainly, of the poet, when he had been
labouring so hard to prove how little
the good monarch deserved it. Thus
finishes the 'Vision of Judgment, by
Quevedo Redivivus,' that is, by Lord

* King Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolomean
system, said, that "had he been consulted at
the creation of the world, he would have spared
the Maker some absurdities."

† See Aubrey's account of the apparition
which disappeared "with a curious perfume
and a melodious twang;" or see the Antiquary,
Vol. I.

‡ A drowned body lies at the bottom till
rotten; it then floats, as most people know.

Byron, a poem which cannot be too
severely condemned for its blasphem-
ous character and immoral tendency,
and which, in point of poetic merit, is
much beneath the author's talents.

The next article in this mis-named
'Liberal' is 'A Letter to the Editor
of My Grandmother's Review.' It re-
fers to some remarks in a periodical,
relative to a supposed attack on it in
Don Juan. This article, which there
is little doubt is by Lord Byron, is a
very playful piece of satire, and, per-
haps, the best article in the work. We
had intended to notice some other sub-
jects, but find we must defer doing
so until next week; we cannot, how-
ever, omit remarking the contemptible
malignity which shows itself in some
stupid epigrams on Lord Castlereagh.
Death is, at any time, a bad subject
for a joke, but when attended by such
circumstances as the death of this mi-
nister, he must have a brutal heart in-
deed that can sport with it.

*Hindoostan. Containing a Description
of the Religion, Manners, Customs,
Trades, Arts, Sciences, Literature,
Diversions, &c. of the Hindoos. Il-
lustrated with upwards of one Hun-
dred coloured Engravings. In Six
Volumes 12mo. London, 1822.*

This work forms part of one of the
most elegant publications of the day, in
which the taste of Mr. Ackerman, in
illustrating and embellishing his works,
are displayed to the utmost advantage.
Of 'The World in Miniature,' of which
we have more than once spoken very
favourably, Hindoostan forms, we be-
lieve, the fourth division; and is com-
prised in six volumes. The first of
these we noticed as soon as it appeared,
and we almost take shame to ourselves
for having allowed five additional parts
to accumulate on our hands before we
returned to the work, which has thrown
us so much in arrear, that we can
scarcely do it justice. In saying that
it presents a complete picture of Hin-
doostan, and exhibits, in the most faith-
ful manner, the religion, laws, customs,
and amusements of those extraordinary
people, the Hindoos, we convey but a
faint idea of the real merit of the work;
for the plates, which are very nume-
rous, give such a clear and illustrative
view of the subject as cannot be ex-
pressed in writing. The elegance of
the work, too, is such as to intitle it to a
place in every lady's library, while, as
a pocket companion, the 'World in
Miniature' may beguile the traveller of
many a dull hour.

The first volume, which we have
previously noticed, is devoted to the
religion of the Hindoos; the second to
their manners, the Hindoo castes, &c.;
the third to their expiations, supersti-
tions, morals, laws, &c.; the fourth
and fifth to the trades, arts, sciences,
and professions; and the sixth volume
to their amusements. As, in our review
of Mr. Ward's excellent work and
some other publications on the Hindoos,
we have dwelt pretty largely on the
subject; we shall confine our extracts
to a few miscellaneous points not pre-
viously noticed—in fact, to Hindoo
amusements, of which we have a most
excellent and detailed account in the
sixth volume:—

'Flying Kites.—A favourite amusement
of the great all over Hindoostan, at a par-
ticular season of the year, is the flying of
paper kites. Mr. Broughton says, that at
this season, Sindhia, the Mahratta chief-
tain might be seen every evening partak-
ing of this princely diversion, attended by
large bodies of cavalry employed to keep
the ground. The kites have no tails,
and bear some resemblance in shape to
the ace of clubs. Matches are fought with
them, and frequently for large sums,
which he loses whose string is cut; and his
kite is reckoned lawful plunder for the
crowd assembled to see the sport. A com-
position of pounded glass, called *munjun*,
is rubbed over the string to enable it to
cut, and for this purpose all the empty
bottles of the residency were put in requi-
sition by Sindhia, who also goes to the ex-
pense of having kites and strings brought
for him from Delhi, which is celebrated
for their manufacture. Ridiculous as it
may appear, no small degree of skill and
experience is requisite to manage one of
these kites so as to gain a victory.'

'Tumblers.—The tumblers, who per-
form, with extraordinary address, all the
tricks exhibited in Europe, are accustomed
to rub their bodies with cocoa-nut oil.
The women follow the same profession as
their husbands.

'Nothing is more common than to see
young girls walking on their heads, with
their heels in the air, turning round like a
wheel, or walking on hands and feet with
the body bent backward, in the manner
represented in the opposite plate.

'Some other tricks are thus described.
A man will balance a sword, having a
broad blade, with the point resting on his
chin. He will then set a straw upright on
his nose or on a small piece of stick,
which he holds and keeps moving about
with his lips: lastly, he will lay a piece of
thin tile on his nose and throw up a small
stone, which, falling upon the tile, breaks
it in pieces.

'A plank is fixed to the top of a pole
twenty-five feet high, which is set up-
right; a man climbs up it, springs back-
ward, and seats himself on the plank.

'A man seated springs backward over

a sword fixed in the ground behind him with the point upward, and falls head foremost among four other swords set up farther on in the same manner.

'A young girl bends backward, plunges her head into a hole about eighteen inches deep, full of water and dirt, and brings up between her lips a ring that was buried in the mud.

'A man, after leaping over an enormous elephant and five camels placed abreast, thought it necessary to make an excuse for his age. "There was a time," said he, in the presence of Nadir Shah, "that I could boast of being a good leaper, but now, alas! age and infirmities have deprived me of my strength and agility." The classic reader will not fail to call to mind old Entellus in the *Eneid*, who, after vanquishing Dares, and cleaving with a blow of his fist the skull of the bullock, which was the prize of his victory, exclaims:—"Judge, ye Trojans, what was the strength of that arm before age had chilled my blood and robbed me of my vigour!"

'The annexed plate represents performers of this class exhibiting on the parade of Fort St. George, at Madras. In the centre is seen a mountebank, balancing himself by the middle of the body on a bamboo pole fifteen or eighteen feet high. He first sets it upright, and then climbs up it with his legs and arms, as if it was a firmly rooted tree. On reaching the top, he clings to it with his feet and hands, after fixing the centre of the pole in the middle of his sash, and dances, moving about in all directions to the sound of music, without the pole ever losing its equilibrium. He then descends, takes a boy on his shoulders, climbs up the pole again and stands on the top on one leg.

'Sometimes a boy lies across the extremity of the bamboo and holds himself quite stiff for a considerable time. A man lifts up the pole and the boy in that state, and moves them about in all directions without losing the balance; but there are always several persons about the pole to catch the boy in case he should happen to fall.

'The women are as clever as the men at these performances. Two of them may be frequently seen dancing together on a rope stretched over trestles; the one playing on the Hindoo guitar, called *vina*; the other holding two vessels brimfull of water, and capering about without spilling a drop.

'In the same plate, on the left, is seen a woman balancing herself in a horizontal position, with her arms extended like a person swimming, on the top of a bamboo pole ninety feet high, fixed in the ground. In a short time she seems to have lost her balance, and falls, to the no small terror of the spectators; but this is only one of her customary movements; she catches by one foot in a rope fastened to a bar which crosses the middle of the pole, and remains suspended with her head downward.

'Broughton, mentioning the exhibition of a set of jugglers, tells us, that he was particularly astonished by the feats of a woman, who rested on her head and feet, with her back toward the earth; two swords, with their blades inwards, were crossed upon her chin, and two others, the blades also inwards, under her neck. She then traversed round in a circle with great rapidity: keeping her head always fixed in the centre, and leaping over the points of the swords, whenever her breast chanced to be downward.

'The Hindoos have found means to communicate their dexterity to the very brutes. They train bullocks, for instance, to the performance of a very difficult trick.

'A man lies down upon the ground on his back, and places on the lower part of the belly a piece of wood cut in the shape represented in the engraving. A bullock, at the command of his master, sets first one foot and then the other on this piece of wood, and then his two hinder feet in succession, and balances himself upon it, to the great astonishment of the spectators. But this is not all: the master of the bullock places a second pedestal by the side of the first: the animal steps upon it in like manner, and when he has placed all four feet on this moveable column, he balances himself upon it with wonderful dexterity. Goats are also taught to perform the trick, in which we know not whether we ought most to admire the patience of the master or the docility of the brute.

'The trick of swallowing a sword two feet long, or rather of thrusting it down the throat, into the stomach, up to the hilt, as represented in the same engraving, has become so familiar of late years by the public exhibitions of Ramo Samee and his companions, natives of India, that any description of it here would be superfluous. Before the arrival in Europe of these jugglers, whose speculation is reported to have been most profitable, attempts had been made, but unsuccessfully, to induce other professors of the art to come to England for the purpose of exhibition. From a narrative of a tour in India, published a few years since, it would appear that these sword-swallowers are chiefly Pandarums. The author of this narrative informs us that he once saw the feat performed before several gentlemen, among whom was the surgeon of an Indianman, then at anchor in Madras roads. He was very sceptical on the subject, until it was fairly brought to issue, when the reality of the circumstance excited his extreme astonishment: he desired the man to repeat the operation; and when at length all his doubts were removed, he made the Pandarum a proposal to go with him to Europe, in consideration of which he would give him one thousand pagodas on the spot, a like sum on his arrival in England, with his expenses there, and other advantages. The tenth part of this sum would have been a fortune to the man, and for that amount he would have attended him all his life in any part of the peninsula of India; but his caste was an

insuperable barrier to his going on board a ship, to the great mortification and disappointment of the doctor.

'The bear, which is of a smaller species, more docile and less dangerous in Hindoostan than in Europe, is taught by the Mahometans to dance. The haunts of the bears are in the vicinity of lofty mountains. Others train apes also to dance. A trick that many of these Mahometans perform, with all the appearance of reality, is that of thrusting a knife through a boy's neck. The spectators are thrilled with horror on observing the boy exhibit symptoms of acute pain, and sink into the arms of his master, with the knife sticking in his throat, from which the blood issues in a stream. The whole, however, is an illusion: the knife has a large notch, and the blood flows from a bladder cunningly disposed by the charlatan.

'Other Moors perform really surprising tricks with a sabre, such as cutting, while turning round, a cord at a mark previously made with chalk, though at the time the cord is not held tight. Their sabres have excellent blades and very small hilts.'

'*Snake Charming*.—Some new light has lately been thrown on this curious subject. A company of English, who were rather incredulous respecting the secret charm which both natives and Europeans in general suppose these people to possess, for making the reptiles obedient to their will, not long since sent for three of these serpent-tamers, and desired them to clear a certain space of serpents, which they were to kill as fast as they caught them. With the latter direction, the sorcerers absolutely refused to comply, alleging, that they had promised the serpents that no harm should be done to them, if they would suffer themselves to be caught quietly. After they had begun their singing, by which they are supposed to charm the animals, they walked over the prescribed space, till the foremost of them came to a small out-house, which, as the servants declared, was the haunt of a serpent of extraordinary size. He placed himself before the door and continued his song, till the reptile could not help darting from its retreat—at least so it appeared—and was instantly seized by the singer. This was done so suddenly, that not one of the company could set eyes on the snake, though it was very large, till it was actually caught; for the conjuror made such an abrupt spring at the very moment when, as he said, the snake was coming out, as to prevent the spectators from observing how the reptile issued from its lurking-place. The man wore a kind of long robe which reached to the ground; it was imagined that he might have tame serpents secreted in this garment; and it was, therefore, thought advisable to make him pull it off before he and his colleagues proceeded to another experiment. This unexpected requisition threw him into manifest embarrassment. Before he made another essay, his employers desired him to

put down the serpent which he had caught by the side of a basket, into which it immediately crept, as if quite familiar with that kind of habitation.

After his two companions had likewise stripped off their robes, they again went about singing as before, but not a serpent would make its appearance. Having continued this farce for about an hour, finding that their trick was partly discovered, they frankly explained their method of operation, and the account was afterwards confirmed by others of the same profession. It hence appears, that they constantly carry with them tame serpents of all kinds, of which they conceal as many as they have occasion for, in the skirts of their long robes. If they are shown the hole of a serpent, they take care to inquire if any person has seen it, and of what species it is. If nobody has seen it, so much the better; but if it is described as being of a particular kind, they provide themselves with a tame serpent of that kind; and, after they have performed their incantations as long as they deem it necessary, they force it to come out by squeezing its body. At this moment they cry aloud, that the snake is coming out of its hole, make a sudden movement as if to seize it, and in this manner prevent the spectators from observing how it is drawn forth from their robe. They then exhibit the reptile to the astonished spectators as being the same which dwelt in the hole, but which they have rendered harmless.

After this explanation, they showed the pockets in the skirts of their robes, in which they kept the tame serpents. Some had also a purse in which the snake coils itself up, and from which it issues at the well-known signal of its master. For this scandalous imposture they are paid according to the size and dangerous nature of the serpents which they pretend to have caught, and this practice is the more mischievous, since the inhabitants of a district which they pretend to have cleared of serpents, are the more frequently bitten, because they fearlessly approach places which they would otherwise have avoided as the retreat of those venomous reptiles.

Gymnastic Exercises.—Mr. Broughton describes several kinds of gymnastic exercises, of which the natives all over India are exceedingly fond. These diversions are regulated by certain ceremonials, which are observed with the most scrupulous etiquette.

A sufficient space is marked out, generally on the smoothest ground, and, if possible, under the shade of trees, which is carefully dug up, and cleared of all stones and hard lumps. This is called the *ukhara*, and is held sacred, no one entering it with his shoes on, nor any impure thing being suffered to be brought within its limits. At one end a small heap of earth is raised, to which each individual, as he enters, makes an obeisance and adds a handful of earth. The most skilful among them is appointed president for the season; and he regulates the exercises, and instructs the

young scholars. Every one strips to his *dotee*, which is drawn as tightly as possible about the loins, and rubs a particular kind of white earth over his body.

The first exercise is generally the *dhun*, which is thus performed. The exerciser, having balanced himself upon his hands and toes, each about two feet apart, throws his body forward, till the chest comes within three or four inches of the ground; loosening his elbows and tightening his knees, but without moving his hands and feet from their original position: in which motion, almost every muscle of the body is exerted. He then straightens his elbows and erects his head and chest, and, having remained in this position a few seconds, draws back to his first posture, and repeats his *dhuns* as long as his strength will allow him to continue. At first it is difficult to exceed ten or twelve; but, by practice, a man may bring himself to make so many as two or three hundred.

The next exercise is the *kooshtee*, or wrestling, in which the natives of India exhibit great skill and activity. They salute by striking smartly with the right hand upon the left arm doubled on the breast, and upon the hollow of the right thigh; and they do not consider it a fall, unless one of the wrestlers is laid flat and helpless on his back. In these contests strength is much less exerted than skill; yet a broken or dislocated arm is by no means an uncommon circumstance.

The other principal exercises are with the *moogdurs* and the *lezum*. The former are thick clubs of hard wood, about two feet or upwards in length, and from fourteen to twenty pounds in weight, which are wielded somewhat in the manner of our dumb-bells. The latter is a stiff bow of bamboo, bent by a strong iron chain, to which a number of small round plates of the same metal are affixed, for the purpose of increasing the weight and making a jingling noise. The bow is used by alternately stretching out the right and left arm to the utmost extent, the other arm pulling firmly in the opposite direction. All these modes of exercising tend to open the chest, set up the body, and strengthen the muscles; and the effect produced by them upon a young lad at the end of the season is astonishing.

When the business of the day is over, the players gather round some individual of the party, who repeats a little poem upon the occasion; they then perform the salute, first to the president and afterwards to each other, and conclude by a few *dhuns* performed by the whole party drawn up in a line, with the president at their head. A large dish of sweetmeats or of steeped grain is generally produced, of which they all partake, and the party breaks up.

A man who aspires to distinction as a wrestler, prepares himself by a certain regimen, which consists chiefly in drinking a certain quantity of milk and clarified butter, and, if he ever eats meat, in devouring an increased allowance of it every day.

Sindhia, who is a great patron of these people, retains in his service a celebrated wrestler, to whom he makes a daily allowance of a sheep and twenty pounds of milk.

To such a pitch is the passion for gymnastic exhibitions carried, that the art is sometimes practised by women, who study to make their bodies hardy and their flesh firm, by following the prescribed regimen, and go about challenging the wrestlers in the different villages through which they pass to try a fall. These amazons sometimes attain such a degree of proficiency, that it is rare for the most experienced of their male opponents to overthrow them: but it should be added, that the best wrestlers often decline those contests, for fear of incurring the disgrace of being worsted by a woman.

Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa. By William Burchell Burchell. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 582. London, 1822.

MR. BURCHELL is or professes to be a philosophical traveller, whose principal attention has been devoted to scientific objects, and particularly to those of botany and zoology, of which the collections he has made are certainly immense, and we should conceive very valuable. Mr. Burchell commenced his travels in 1810, and extended them to a journey of 4500 miles, through the account of which it requires more patience or more resolution than we have, to follow him very closely, though we have tried it more than once. The fact is, that Mr. Burchell's work, like many others manufactured for the Row, is a very dull book; and that all which is really worth recording, might have been compressed into a decent sized octavo. He condemns, and not unjustly, Mr. Barrow's Travels, which he says are full of blunders and misrepresentations; in prosing and dulness, however, it would be difficult to assign the palm of superiority.

As we have said, Mr. Burchell's remarks on natural history are the best part of his book; he has, however, some descriptive passages relative to the Hottentots, which are not uninteresting, though the account is often too much elaborated. In an excursion from Klaarwater to the Upper Gariep, he was accompanied by a number of Hottentots of all ages and both sexes, whose manners he thus describes:—

The elder women took their seat in the waggons, but the young rode on oxen; and a group of these Hottentot girls trotting on before formed a sight as curious and picturesque as it was novel. They sat astride, and managed the bulky animal with perfect ease and fearlessness. Their heads were neatly bound round with a

cotton or leathern handkerchief, and they wore shoes made of the hide of wild animals, but the rest of their body was quite uncovered, except by a bundle of small greasy leathern aprons, which, drawn under them, served to render the bony backs of the oxen a less uneasy seat.

‘These aprons, which they distinguish into fore-kaross and hind-kaross, and which are tied just over the hips, are their only permanent clothing: for the large kaross, or cloak, is only worn or thrown off agreeably to the weather or the fancy of the wearer. The fore-kaross is much the smaller, and seldom reaches below the knees; it consists simply of two or three little aprons cut into narrow strips or thongs, and which, by constant wear, assume the appearance of a bundle of strings. No other kind of covering could less impede the motion of walking than one of such a make. These strings are often profusely ornamented with beads of all colours; and frequently an ostrich-shell girdle of many folds, hangs loosely round the waist. The hind-kaross is a single, or sometimes a double apron, much wider and longer than the other, and not divided. This is often made so long as nearly to reach the ground; though, generally, it does not hang lower than the calf of the leg. On this nothing ornamental is bestowed, because it is always required as a cushion when the wearer sits on the ground.

‘In order to protect themselves from the sun and weather, they carefully anoint their bodies with animal fat; to which is generally added some sweet-smelling herbs reduced to powder, which they call *buku* (bookoo). This *buku* is made of the leaves of various aromatic or scented plants, dried and reduced to a powder, by pounding them on a stone. The plants most commonly used for this purpose, by the Hottentots in the colony, are chiefly of the tribe of *diosma*, various species of which are considered equally good. But in the countries lying beyond the geographical boundary of that genus, other plants of various genera are, of necessity, made use of; among which a *croton* of an undescribed species, hereafter mentioned, always appeared to me to be the most pleasant.

‘Some wore round their ancles a great number of rings of leather, or neatly-twisted cord, which covered them from the instep nearly half way up to the calf. Rings of catgut, covered with copper wire, or even of simple cord, were worn by many, either above or below the knee; while several of these, together with bracelets of beads, decorated the wrists or the arms above the elbow. These people were also fond of rings on their fingers; and some had copper ornaments hanging from the ears.

‘Such is the customary clothing of those Hottentot females who have not yet thought proper to imitate the dress of Europeans; and this description, with a little variation according to the different tribes and nations, will serve for the whole

of Southern Africa which has fallen under my observation.’

* * * * *

‘At one of the fires, an amusement of a very singular and nearly unintelligible kind, was the source of great merriment, not only to the performers themselves, but to all the bystanders. They called it *kaartspel* (card-playing), a word, in this instance, strangely misapplied. Two Hottentots seated opposite to each other, on the ground, were vociferating, as if in a rage, some particular expressions in their own language; laughing violently, throwing their bodies on either side, tossing their arms in all directions, at one moment with their hands close together, at another stretched out wide apart; up in the air at one time, or in an instant down on the ground; sometimes with them closed, at others exhibiting them open to their opponent. Frequently, in the heat of their game, they started up on their knees, falling back immediately on the ground again; and all this in such a quick, wild, extraordinary manner, that it was impossible, after watching their motions for a long time, to discover the nature of their game, or to comprehend the principle on which it was founded, any more than a person entirely ignorant of the moves at chess could learn that by merely looking on.

‘This is a genuine Hottentot game, as every one would certainly suppose, on seeing the uncouth manner in which it is played. It is, they say, of great antiquity, and at present practised only by such as have preserved some portion of their original customs; and they pretend that it is not every Hottentot who possesses the talents necessary for playing at it in perfection. I found some difficulty in obtaining an intelligible explanation, but learnt, at last, that the principle consists in concealing a small piece of stick in one hand so dexterously, that the opponent shall not be able, when both closed hands are presented to him, to distinguish in which it is held; while, at the same time, he is obliged to decide, by some sign or motion, either on one or the other. As soon as the opponent has gained a certain number of guesses, he is considered to have won a game; and it then becomes his turn to take the stick, and display his ingenuity in concealing it, and in deceiving the other. In this manner the games are continued alternately, often the whole night long, or until the players are exhausted with fatigue. In the course of them, various little incidents, either of ingenuity or of mistake, occur to animate their exertions, and excite the rude harmless mirth of their surrounding friends.’

Of the Bushmen, or rather Bushwomen, he gives a curious account; they had killed a hippopotamus, and were busy in cutting it up:

‘All the offal, bones, and head, fell by custom to the Bushmen’s share. No sooner was the carcase cut open, than

they fell to work upon the entrails, occasionally wiping the grease from their fingers on to their arms, legs, and thighs; they were, besides, plentifully bespattered with the blood and filth, each rejoicing at the portion he had obtained.

‘Among these happy dirty creatures, was one who, by her airs and dress, showed that she had no mean opinion of her personal accomplishments; she was, in fact, the prettiest young *Bush-girl* I had yet seen; but her vanity and too evident consciousness of her superiority rendered her less pleasing in my eyes, and her extravagance in dress made her, perhaps, a less desirable wife in the eyes of her countrymen; for ‘the immoderate quantity of grease, red ochre, *buku*, and shining powder with which her hair was clotted, would ruin any but a very rich husband: herself and every part of her dress was so well greased, that she must have been, in her nation, a girl of good family; and the number of leathern rings with which her arms and legs were adorned, proclaimed her to be evidently a person of property; round her ancles she carried about a dozen thick rings of this kind, which, added to a pair of sandals, gave her the appearance of wearing buskins.

‘But the most remarkable piece of affectation with which she adorned herself, was three small bits of ivory, of the size and shape of sparrow’s eggs, loosely pendant from her hair; one in front, as low as the point of the nose, and one on the outer side of each cheek, all hanging at the same length. These dangled from side to side as she moved her head, and, doubtlessly, made full amends for their inconvenience, by the piquancy they were thought to add to the wearer’s beauty. The upper part of her head was covered with a small leathern cap, fitted closely, but quite unornamented; and I should have had a pleasure in gratifying her with a present of a string of beads, to render this part of her dress more smart, if I had not been fearful that, by doing this, I should excite in her countrymen an inclination to beg and importune for what I meant to reserve only for the nations further in the interior. Her vanity and affectation, great as it was, did not, as one may sometimes observe in both sexes, in other countries, seem to choke her or produce any alteration in the tone of her voice, for the astonishing quantity of meat which she swallowed down, and the readiness with which she called out to her attendants for more, plainly showed her to be resolved that no squeamishness should interfere on this occasion.

‘With the rest of her female companions, the season of beauty had long passed by, and, if that season with other nations may justly be called short-lived, it may among Bushwomen, with more than equal justice, be termed momentary. In five or six years after their arrival at womanhood, the fresh plumpness of youth has already given way to the wrinkles of

age; and, unless we viewed them with the eye of commiseration and philanthropy, we should be inclined to pronounce them the most disgusting of human beings. Their early, and, it may be said, premature symptoms of age may, perhaps, with much probability, be ascribed to a hard life, an uncertain and irregular supply of food, exposure to every inclemency of weather, and a want of cleanliness which increases with years. These, rather than the nature of the climate, are the causes of this quick fading and decay of the bloom and appearance of youth.*

* * * * *

'Curious to know what degree of *intellect* these beings possessed, I endeavoured, by means of an interpreter, to question them on a few moral points; but he declared they were so stupid that it was not in his power to make them comprehend at all. The principal question, and to which I was most desirous of having their answer, was, one would think, so intelligible, that their not understanding it must have been either pretended stupidity, or a wilful misrepresentation by the interpreter: I asked what they considered to be *good* actions, and what *bad*; but to this they made no reply, nor could they at all conceive its meaning. I showed them a looking-glass; at this they laughed, and stared with vacant surprise and wonder, to see their own faces; but expressed not the least curiosity about it; nor do I believe it excited in their minds one single idea; and I may not, perhaps, be doing them an injustice by asserting that, whether capable of reflection or not, these individuals never exerted it. When asked what were their thoughts respecting the glass; what were their notions respecting white men; their senseless looks seemed to say, they made an effort to think, but found themselves utterly unable; their only answer was, I don't know.

'They related to us, without the least emotion, and with apparent indifference, a horrid occurrence which had lately taken place in their kraal. This old man had three sons, one of whom had been married several years to a woman, by whom he had two children. One of the brothers had conceived a liking for the woman, and she, on her part, was not averse to change her husband; it was, therefore, agreed between them, that he should be put out of their way. This (I shudder in relating it) was accomplished by the atrocious demon beating out his brother's brains as he lay asleep. This inhuman act appears to have excited no feelings of horror in the horde: the pair were at this time living together contented, and, seemingly, and dismayed by their own reflections on the nefarious deed they had committed. Conscience herself seemed to have neglected her duty, and bestial ignorance to have usurped her place. Instead of chasing him for ever out of their kraal, the father and the remaining brother allowed him to continue in their society on the same terms as if nothing of the kind had happened. I saw

the murderer; he was a youth of apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age, and of not an unpleasing countenance.'

We shall select a few passages relating to natural history, and first of the *puff-adder*:—

'Its venom is said to be most fatal, taking effect so rapidly as to leave the person who has the misfortune to be bitten no chance of saving his life, but by instantly cutting out the flesh surrounding the wound. Although I have often met with this serpent, yet, happily, no opportunity occurred of witnessing the consequences of its bite; but, from the universal dread in which it is held, I have no doubt of its being one of the most venomous of Southern Africa. There is a peculiarity which renders it more dangerous, and which ought to be known by every person liable to fall in with it. Unlike the generality of snakes, which make a spring, or dart forwards, when irritated, the puffadder, it is said, throws itself backwards; so that those who should be ignorant of this fact would place themselves in the very direction of death, while imagining that by so doing they were escaping the danger. The natives, by keeping always in front, are enabled to destroy it without much risk.'

Shrubs.—'I now gathered, for the first time, specimens of a very extraordinary grass. Its panicle of flowers formed a bunch of strong, sharp thorns, so rigid and pungent, that no animal could graze near it; nor would the naked-legged Hottentots venture to walk amongst it, although it was not more than a foot and a half high.

'My men pointed out to me a small shrub, the flowers of which they use as a dye for giving a yellow colour to the leather of their preparing. By experiment, I found that the *corollæ* of the dried flowers, being infused in a small quantity of warm water, gave out very readily a strong colour, approaching to what is called Raw Terra di Sienna, but brighter. Being a vegetable colour, it possesses the advantage of flowing freely from the pencil or pen, and might be used as a very pleasing yellow ink. Some trials which I then made, have remained ten years, without fading or losing any of their original brightness. A permanent vegetable colour of this quality would, perhaps, be useful in the arts; and the collection of it might be a source of advantage, the more profitable, as being derived from land at present useless to man. Some other plants of the same natural order, which I afterwards met with, afford a dye equally good.'

We shall conclude with an account of a musical instrument:—

'The *goráh*, as to its appearance and form, may be more aptly compared to the bow of a violin, than to any other thing; but, in its principle and use, it is quite different, being, in fact, that of a stringed and a wind instrument combined: and thus it agrees with the æolian harp. But with respect to the principle on which its different tones are produced, it may be

classed with the trumpet or French horn; while, in the nature and quality of the sound which it gives, at least in the hands of one who is master of it, this strange instrument approaches to the violin.

'It consists merely of a slender stick, or bow, on which a string of catgut is strained. But to the lower end of this string, a flat piece, of about an inch and a half long, of the quill of an ostrich, is attached, so as to constitute a part of the length of the string. This quill, being applied to the lips, is made to vibrate by strong inspirations and expirations of the breath; each of which ending with an increased degree of strength, had always the effect of forcing out the upper octave; exactly in the same way as produced on the flute, an instrument, therefore, which may be made to imitate the *goráh* sufficiently near to give some idea of it.

'The old musician, seating himself down on a flat piece of rock, and resting his elbows on his knees, putting one forefinger into his ear and the other into his wide nostril, either as it so happened, or for the purpose, it might be, of keeping the head steady, commenced his solo, and continued it with great earnestness over and over again. The exertion which it required to bring out the tones loudly, was very evident; and, in his anxious haste to draw breath at every note, our *Orpheus* gave us into the bargain, intermingled with his music, certain grunting sounds, which would have highly pleased the pigs, and, if any had been in the country, would indubitably have drawn them all round him, if only out of curiosity to know what was the matter.'

Such are a few of the most interesting passages of this bulky quarto; and we find that the author threatens us with more of a similar sort, since he calls this Vol. I.; we suspect, however, that the public will be quite satisfied with what he has already done, without drawing on him for any further prosing on the interior of Africa.

Licentious Publications in High Life.

It has long been matter of regret among those who are sincere in their profession of Christianity and in their regard for public morals, that while the swift vengeance of the law has been poured with unsparing severity on the humbler traders in blasphemy, whose poverty perhaps rather than their will has consented,—those in higher life, who have neither the temptation of want nor the apology of ignorance to plead, have been suffered to proceed with impunity, thus verifying the observation of Dekker, in his 'Match me in London,' that,—

'—Smaller fleas i' the spider's web are ta'en,
When great ones tear the web, and free remain.'

We are no advocates for putting

down opinions by fine and imprisonment, and are convinced that the interference of the law is often injudicious, impolitic, and injurious in its consequences to the very cause it seeks to serve. Although there are, we feel persuaded, many occasions in which the intervention of the law becomes a public duty, yet, in general, we would prefer the press to be answered by the press, or the blasphemings and immoralities of wanton licentiousness to meet that contempt and reproach which would soon be their fate.

We have been led to these remarks by seeing a review extracted from the tenth number of the 'Investigator,' and which has been printed separately, for private circulation. The subjects that come under the critic's notice are Lord Byron's *Don Juan* and *Cain*, respecting which our sentiments have long ago been on record; Shelley's fiend-like production—*Queen Mab*; and that compound of licentiousness and folly, the work of Sir Charles Hanbury. When it is known that the 'Investigator' is edited by Dr. Collyer, Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, and Dr. James Baldwin Brown, it is easy to divine in what light these several publications are viewed, and it may also be inferred that the subject is treated with no ordinary degree of ability.

The reviewer, and here, perhaps, we ought to apologize to our readers for undertaking so novel a task as that of reviewing a reviewer, begins by declaring his sentiments relative to the liberty of the press, and has a very proper rebuke of the Bridge Street worthies:—

'Decided,' he says, 'perhaps even enthusiastic, in our attachment to the liberty of the press, we are yet most determined enemies to its licentiousness. When, therefore, about the commencement of our work, prosecution was instituted after prosecution against obscure booksellers and itinerant politicians, for speeches and publications tending to ridicule and bring into disrepute the Bible and the established religion of the country, we joined not with many, from whom we had expected better things, in the clamour raised against those by whom such proceedings were instituted. On the contrary, when the Attorney-General appeared in his proper character as prosecutor on behalf of the public, and not as the mere tool of a political faction, clothing its own petty wrongs in the specious and imposing garb of insulted religion, and outrage to all public decency,—most sincerely did we wish him, most cordially did we rejoice in, his success. When that office devolved upon, or rather when it was assumed by, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, we felt also, in a measure somewhat diminished,

perhaps, from causes hereafter to be explained, a warm interest in their proceedings. But when this system of a combination of private individuals for carrying on public prosecutions extended itself, and a mis-be-dubbed constitutional association arose, whose real object was to support a particular set of men and measures, by prosecuting all who should give too great license to their tongues or their pens in condemning them, whilst full impunity was allowed to those in like manner offending, for their support,—we were amongst the earliest to take alarm at, the most fearless to expose, an innovation destructive of the very institutions it professed religiously to guard. The race of that society was happily short as it was inglorious. Defeated again and again by beings too contemptible to have attacked, even with the full ordinary vigour of the law,—too clearly guilty if so attacked to have had a solitary unpaid voice lifted up in their defence,—its agents and itself have descended to an oblivion in which, as far as we are concerned, their acts and deeds may for ever rest in undisturbed repose. Resembling, as it more nearly did in its life, as in its death, the bat than the phoenix, we fear no untoward resuscitation of its ashes. This, however, by the way, and but as a *requiescat*.'

The works of Sir Charles Hanbury come first under notice. These highly immoral and silly poems, for, really, as to poetical merit, they are contemptible, have come forth with a sort of *imprimatur* of Lord Holland and the Earl of Essex, though, how either of these noblemen could have been led into an approval of their publication is to us astonishing. After very properly censuring the work and its patrons,

Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley next pass in review, and the cause of religion and morality is vindicated with great ability against the attacks of these two men of genius, whose enmity is the more dangerous, in proportion to the talent with which it is manifested: for, to quote the words of Lord Byron, in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which are happily turned against himself,—'The unquestionable possession of considerable genius, by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand their most severe reprehension.'

There is one thing we much admire in this review of 'Licentious Publications in High Life'; that is the mild tone and liberal spirit in which it is written, equally avoiding cant or dogmatism, arguing the subject calmly and dispassionately, and doing ample justice to the talents of those writers

whose principles the reviewer is called upon so severely to condemn.

A Vindication of the Paradise Lost, from the Charge of Exculpating 'Cain,' a Mystery. By Philo-Milton. 8vo. pp. 60. London, 1822.

THIS is rather a well-meant than an able refutation of Lord Byron's bold assertion, that 'if Cain be blasphemous, *Paradise Lost* is blasphemous too.' The writer, too, flounders a little in his argument, for, after protesting 'against the imputation of venturing to discuss, what may have been the motives of the noble author in giving "*Cain*" to the world; or what may be the principles by which his private life is governed,' he tells us 'that he has no hesitation in saying that the general impression conveyed by this preface [to *Cain*] is any thing else than a desire to uphold the authority of scripture, either generally or in the particular portions of it which is intended to be dramatized.'

We confess we are sorry to see the subject in such weak hands as the author of this vindication, who, what he lacks in talent, he certainly makes up in assurance, as his concluding paragraph will show, when, after declaring that he forbids the bans between '*Cain*' and the *Paradise Lost*, he says, 'My declared and only meditated design throughout has been to batter down the defences, and to enter the strong hold of this most injurious comparison. No stratagem have I called in aid, to effect this purpose, the occasion did not seem to need it.—But I have succeeded, I feel well assured; and I now plant the standard of the *Paradise Lost* upon the wreck of *Cain*, and give it to the wind.—To the rescue!—who shall cry?'

Not wishing to disturb the author's good opinion of himself, we here take our leave of him.

Another Cain, a Mystery. By William Battine, Esq. L. L. D. 12mo. pp. 64. London, 1822.

LEST by any chance Lord Byron should never hear of '*Another Cain*' or of 'William Battine, Esq. L. L. D.' the latter has carefully inscribed his work to the noble poet's consideration, and boldly entered the lists against his lordship, who will probably not think himself much honoured in such a combatant. Be this as it may, we have no doubt that William Battine, Esq. L. L. D. is a very 'good sort of a man,' and that it is no fault of his if he is but a very indifferent poet. That he is a ready one,

will appear by the fact that he took up Lord Byron's *Cain* on the 1st of May, with a view to peruse it; but he found the blasphemy in the mouth of Lucifer so disgusting, that he laid it aside, and, thinking it better to write 'Another *Cain*' than read the first, he set about the task, and finished it in a week. He, however, candidly acknowledges that it was not with the view of disputing the laurels with Lord Byron, so that we trust the noble bard will acquit him of all envious rivalry.

Mr. Battine's '*Cain*' is called a dramatic poem—to us it is only 'a Mystery,' which, we doubt not, most of our readers will thank us for not detaining them to unravel. The object is, however, good, that of vindicating religion from the attacks of sceptics and infidels, and as such is intitled to forbearance.

A Treatise on the Utility of Sangui-Suction, or Leech Bleeding, in the treatment of a great variety of Diseases, including the Opinions of Eminent Practitioners, Ancient and Modern. With Instructions for the Process of Leeching. By Rees Price, M. D. Surgeon. 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1822.

In proportion as any remedy for the diseases which 'flesh is heir to' is popular, in that proportion will a due knowledge of it be important. Now, there are few things in the way of 'medicable aid,' applicable to so many diseases or so commonly resorted to, both with and without professional advice, as blood-letting, which, from the time that Podolarius practised surgery in the Grecian camp, during the Trojan war, down to the present day, has been regarded as one of the most valuable means for subduing disease.

The numerous cases demanding the application of leeches has not, however, produced any practical work on the subject until the present, in which it is treated in a very concise yet popular manner, and equally useful to the members of the medical profession and the public generally. Indeed, it is a peculiar advantage of Mr. Price's works, that he always writes in a way to make himself understood, so that he who runs may read. This is particularly the case with the work before us, which cannot be too extensively known.

A Lyric Poem on the Death of Napoleon. From the French of P. Le Brun. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1822. We know not what the French of P.

Le Brun may be, but the English of his translator is tame and spiritless; and we are really astonished, that an individual, with the pretensions of a poet,—'a Frenchman educated in the brightest days of Napoleon,' could have turned so fine a theme to so little advantage. We have only room for the last half-dozen lines, but they are a fair sample of the whole:—

'Each future warrior, conqueror, and king,
How high soe'er he soars on Fortune's wing,
Shall tremble—when he thinks how low was
lain

The greatest warrior, mightiest sovereign.—
Genius more vast than e'er before was giv'n
To mortal essence by the God of Heav'n.'

A Letter to His Majesty George the Fourth, King of the United Empire of Great Britain. 8vo. pp. 60. London, 1822.

This pamphlet purports, on its title-page, to have been printed at Paris and reprinted in London; but why it has been printed at all we know not, for, contemptible as we think 'the desperate adventurers, rostrum ranters, infidel pamphleteers, and illiterate scribblers,' the author denounces, they would certainly be able to cope with him, unless he can give better evidence of his talents than this letter to his Majesty, which is a farrago of coarse epithets and unmeaning assumptions, a mere scolding of every person who dares to think for himself, and who will not fall down and worship the image which this Nebuchadnezzar has set up.

Original Communications.

DIRECTIONS TO DRAMATISTS;
OR, THE
PLAYWRIGHT'S GUIDE TO PARNASSUS.
(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

WHEN an author thinks of beginning a drama, he will find it of great assistance, previously, to know what a drama is. Dryden defines it: 'A poem accommodated to action, whose representation is probable;' but Dryden was a playwright himself, and therefore his word, being that of an interested person, is not to be taken. We would rather define a drama to be—*three hours and a half* (or thereabout,) of what will amuse the people in a playhouse. This definition includes, not only all those representations contained in the other, but also many which would be otherwise positively excluded. Thus Dryden's condition of *probability* would immediately exterminate from the list of dramas, all those pieces in which preternatural machinery is employed, such as

the *Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*; but our definition retains them. It may also be of no disservice for the author to know, that to a drama there are five things essentially necessary, viz. a plot, a hero, language, characters, and a catastrophe; for the due conduct of which respectively, the following regulations are drawn up, and (unless a playwright could procure one of Jacob's ladders,) it is impossible that he can mount to immortality without them. We now proceed with our directions, merely premising, for the information of the threatening dramatist, that legitimate drama is of two species; tragedy, or three hours and a half of *horror and tears*; comedy, or three hours and a half of *grimace and buffoonery*. To begin at the beginning—

TRAGEDY.

The Plot.—If the plot is to be historical, let the author be careful to choose it as *obscure*, and of as *little general interest* as possible. The reason of this is manifest; for where is the use of telling people what they know already? And, the less interest a story possesses in itself, the greater room does it afford an audience for admiring the author's *own* beauties. If the plot is not designed to be historical but fictitious, let the dramatist be sure to invent one as much *out of nature* as his imagination will supply him with; for it is an established principle, that every thing extraordinary and outlandish has the most striking effect on an auditor. In conformity with this, we find that *four-footed* characters, such as horses, dogs, bears, &c. raise a great interest in the hearts of an audience, and are introduced with the very best effect on the stage, merely because such exhibitions are the very last things which any rational person would expect to find there. Nay, so well is the principle of *astonishing* beginning to be understood by our writers, that in a '*dramatic poem*' recently published, the author has with much judgment introduced the *moon* among his performers; we have great hopes of this *lunarian* dramatist. In the same way, a playwright should always endeavour to surprise his audience by striking out some plot which no man in his senses could ever imagine to take place *in rerum natura*, either without or within the walls of a playhouse. Thus he may oblige a lovely and virtuous woman to sacrifice her innocence to an abandoned profligate without rhyme or reason; he may endue his principal character with inconsistent qualities, as when the hero is

described as a murderer, yet most pitifully tender-hearted; a robber, yet a strict friend to justice; a blasphemer, yet a severe moralizer. All this will surprise if it accomplishes nothing else, and will give the audience a great idea of the author's *originality* and power of invention.

The Hero.—It is now determined by the universal practice of modern dramatists, that the *hero* must necessarily be as nefarious a *villain* as we can possibly conceive to live to the age of maturity in vice, without dying by the rope or his own hand; either an assassin, or a pirate, or a traitor, or a felon, or all together. If nothing better can be had, the author must, as a last resource, make his hero a *madman*. Indeed, there seems to be a general *mania* for insanity in the person of the hero, running through the whole pack of modern playwrights; they seem to have *bitten* each other, whether through hunger or malice is not easily determinable. We ourselves have a tragedy forthcoming, entitled *The Humours of Bedlam*, in which the principal character is to be introduced to the audience in a *strait-waistcoat*.

The Language.—Should never degenerate into natural phrase. It should be uniformly stiff and overstrained. Nothing can be more absurd than to make a hero in a passion talk like a human creature. Sublimity might do very well in Shakspeare's day, but it is too faint a display of magnanimity for modern ears; nothing under the degree of *fustian* sounds well in a modern theatre. For a hero to astonish now, he must rant at the top of his voice at least through the two last acts, and if he is to conclude with a grace, he must *foam at the mouth* through the whole of the last scene, and die in a *paroxysm*.

The Characters.—The best way for an author to distinguish his characters, so that there shall be no danger of mistaking the understrapper for the hero, or the uncle for the lover, is to *dress* all the personages differently; as to attempt discriminating them after the old fashion, by the peculiarities of their language or sentiments, all such endeavours now a-days are justly accounted laughable, and unworthy of any thing above contempt. We have heard that the manager of Drury Lane has it in contemplation to introduce the Turkish mode of distinguishing degrees of nobility, and that henceforth the hero is always to wear *three tails*, while the inferior characters are never to have more than *two*. This looks

like a very judicious improvement, and will save a great deal of trouble to the principal performer, as, in the case of a hero, his tails will always *speak* for him, and his most fatiguing speeches may thus be left out without any detriment to the piece.

The Catastrophe.—All the personages, without reservation, even of attendants or chairmen, are to be shot, stabbed, or poisoned; or sent out of the world in some way, the choice being left entirely to the author's own discretion.

N. B. It is rumoured that a tragedy is now in rehearsal, at one of the principal houses, whose catastrophe is to be brought about by the following novel and ingenious artifice. The whole *dramatis personæ*, with the exception of a little black servant-boy, who holds a lighted flambeau to the company, is to be collected in one spot of the stage; and at a *whistle* from the prompter, the little black boy is to fall fast asleep, letting his flain drop at the same time on the touch-hole of a *forty-eight pounder*, which is supposed to be loaded with grape-shot for the defence of the castle. By this *natural accident*, the whole assembly is to be blown off the stage at once, the little black boy being driven through a grated window into the castle, by the *kick* of the gun.

As a general direction for the tragic writer, we would strongly recommend him to become thoroughly intimate with the horrors of the German muse. Schiller should be as familiar to the eyes of an aspiring playwright, as the holes in his stockings, or the stains on his writing-table.

COMEDY.

The Plot.—In comedy, the rule which an author should follow in selecting his plot, is directly the reverse of that which he ought to pursue in tragedy. *There* he is to choose such a plot as shall surprise by its extravagance and improbability; *here* it is incumbent on him to found the action of his piece on some vulgar and common-place topic, which shall delight by its close resemblance of the manners of the mob. This is what is called exhibiting *life*, and 'holding the mirror up to nature,' no matter how ugly she looks in it.

The Hero.—There is no *particular* hero in modern comedy; i. e. one personage would make just as good a hero as another. The pre-eminence of the character generally depends on the actor, as the pre-eminence of the actor

generally depends on his *powers of face*.

The Language.—In this respect, also, comedy should be just the reverse of tragedy; as, in the latter, an author should inflate his language beyond all natural grandeur, so in the former he should debase it below all decent gentility. Cant, slang, pertness, vulgarity, flippancy, and cockneyism, to the exclusion of every thing like wit, elegance, or refinement, are now the standard language of comedy; and if the fitness of this phraseology to the purposes of *pure* comedy may be argued from its prevalence, the testimony of every *horse-shoe* house in the land of Lud confirmed its propriety. We have only to add, that as *madness* predominates in modern tragedy, so *folly* is pre-eminent in modern comedy; upon this head *verbum sat* to the incipient dramatist.

The Characters.—*Vide* tragedy.

The Catastrophe.—As *death* is the prescriptionary finale of tragedy, so *marriage* is to be inevitably consummated in comedy. It, perhaps, would not be a bad hit, as the tragic writers indulge themselves in a general massacre of all their characters, if comedy were to arrogate a similar privilege, and marry the several pairs of male and female personages *seriatim* or *conjunctim*, as shall appear most ludicrous and natural.

The Playwright's Pastor,
HETERODIDASKALOS.

FONTHILL ABBEY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Though I have not been included in the multitude of the votaries of fashion and fortune who have lately visited Fonthill, yet, from a previous acquaintance with the neighbourhood, and from the communications of friends who have viewed Mr. Beckford's delightful domain and princely treasures, I am enabled to furnish you with some information concerning them, which may perhaps be acceptable.

About twenty years ago, the proprietor of Fonthill excited the wonder and curiosity of the public, by selling off, at public auction, the furniture and decorations of a splendid mansion built by his father, about half a century before. Previous to that sale, the house and furniture were exhibited to all respectable visitors: and though the spectacle did not attract such crowds as have been drawn to Fonthill on the present occasion, yet the numbers of persons who then flocked from all parts

of the country, were such as to excite the surprise of every one who witnessed them.—Some odd scenes occurred among the multitude of curious visitors. One whimsical circumstance was related to me by a gentleman who was present when it happened. There was a room in the mansion built by Alderman Beckford, which was entirely covered on the side walls, or, as it were, wainscoted, with looking-glasses; which gave it the appearance of possessing almost interminable dimensions. This room attracted the particular notice of the visitors; and was, therefore, usually much crowded. A gentleman, who was perhaps rather short-sighted, entering this room, made his way through the throng very leisurely, holding before his face a sale catalogue, which he was consulting; and, probably, at the same time ruminating very profoundly on the number of valuable purchases which he intended to make. At length he reached the farther end of the room. But by no means aware of the circumstance, he was surprised, on looking up from his book, to see a person standing just before him, who showed no disposition to give way. This natural politeness led him, with a conciliatory apologetical bow, to step a little on one side. His antagonist made the same movement: and it was only after another fruitless attempt to pass him that he found he had been jostling his own image in a looking-glass.

Of the edifice raised by Mr. Beckford's father, only a small part, which formed one wing of that mansion, is left standing, situated at the distance of about a mile and a half from the magnificent pile which has superseded it. The low, unhealthy, and inconvenient site of the old house was one, and probably the grand motive for demolishing it. In the erection of his present residence, Mr. Beckford has displayed a vast deal of taste and some degree of eccentricity. The former, however, furnishes ample excuse for the latter; if, indeed, any is requisite. Mr. Beckford may literally be said to have created a *paradise amidst the wild*. The grounds immediately surrounding Fonthill Abbey comprehend a space of seven miles in circuit, surrounded by a wall, surmounted with *chevaux de frise*. The beauty of the walks and rides contained within this enchanting inclosure is beyond the powers of descriptive language. The choicest treasures of the vegetable world, which the climate will permit to flourish, are here found in the most luxuriant beauty.

Nor are the animal tribes wanting. At every turn the timid hare is seen to flit across the velvet lawns, or numbers of these creatures are beheld at a distance, indulging in sportive gambols, with a boldness arising in a freedom from danger as complete as ever was enjoyed by the pet hares of the poet Cowper: groups of pheasants, too, gliding along beneath the shrubs and thickets, display the rich and varied tints of their beautiful plumage to the glance of the observer.—On the highest ground within the domain are the foundations of a tower, called the Beacon; which was left unfinished, and which, if completed, would have yielded a most extensive view; since the prospect from the base of the tower stretches over a long and interesting tract of country. At some distance is a wild and rocky dell, at the bottom of which is a clear and beautiful lake, whose waters reflect the fine features of the surrounding scenery. To add to its charms, it is abundantly furnished with various descriptions of water-fowl. The spot, indeed, is sacred from the depredations of the sportsman; and, consequently, the tenants of the air make it their favourite abode, and repay the security they enjoy by giving variety to the landscape and melody to the breeze. Among the annual visitors of our island, many of the winged tribes occasionally make their appearance in this favourite retreat of their species. But it is not probable that *many* of them should be so fascinated with its attractions as to forego their usual habits, and take up their residence here all the year round. Therefore, Mr. Rutter, who, in his *Description of Fonthill Abbey and Demesne*, speaking of a spot just noticed, says, 'the woodcock has frequently chosen this sequestered valley for her nest;' must be mistaken. Every naturalist, and every sportsman who is not a naturalist, knows that the woodcock is a bird of passage, which visits England only in the winter. On the approach of spring, it takes its flight to a colder climate, where it continues during the season of incubation. It is true that woodcocks' nests have been found in the southern parts of this country; but such an occurrence is very unusual.

To describe the mansion to which this delightful domain is an appendage, would require a volume, instead of a short letter.—Fonthill Abbey, as its name indicates, is built in the conventual style; and, like an ecclesiastical edifice, is crowned by a noble tower, of

an octangular form, two hundred and seventy-six feet in height. Nearly under the tower is the western cloister; behind which is a square paved court, having in its centre a fountain, that throws its waters into a large marble basin. There is a wing, or transept, extending from the tower to the east; and two other wings respectively branching off in a northern and a southern direction. The exterior elevations of each of these portions of the building are ingeniously diversified by the varieties of form and arrangements of their windows, cornices, pediments, and pinnacles, so as to constitute a most tasteful and agreeable spectacle. But the grand feature which first strikes the attention, on a near approach to this building, is its noble western entrance. It is upwards of thirty feet high, and is terminated above by a Gothic arch of the contrasted kind, ornamented with similar mouldings, having crockets, and surmounted with a finial of elegant workmanship. The doors which close this grand entrance are formed of oak, and hung on eight hinges of brass, which are said to weigh more than a ton, and to have cost 400l.

I shall not attempt any particular account of the noble baronial hall, which forms the vestibule of this singular mansion, the state-rooms, the galleries, the library, drawing-rooms, and various apartments, designed either for the purposes of splendid exhibitions or of domestic convenience. Still less shall I venture to describe the singularly magnificent furniture and decorations of Fonthill Abbey. Those who have been prevented from availing themselves of the recent opportunity for surveying this very interesting domain, mansion, and its contents, may be referred to the more extended descriptions of them, which have been made public. But the admirers of the fine arts may shortly expect a descriptive account of Fonthill Abbey, with other interesting information, from the pen of Mr. Britton, whose valuable publications relative to British topography and antiquities are well known. He has enjoyed peculiar advantages for rendering this work as perfect as possible, both with regard to its descriptive details and its graphic embellishments; having resided some weeks at Fonthill, and been favoured, by the proprietor, with every facility for the improvement of his intended publication.

Whilst writing this letter, I learn

that the purposed auction, which had been previously postponed, to give the public an opportunity of gratifying a curiosity almost unparalleled, has at length been adjourned *sine die*, in consequence, as it is reported, of the sale by private contract of the estate, house, and furniture. If this statement should prove correct, many rich amateurs will be disappointed in the hopes they had indulged of becoming possessors of some of the *chef d'œuvres* collected by Mr. Beckford. But those who have no such views, will hardly regret a circumstance, which may be the means of keeping those treasures of literature and the arts from dispersion.

I am, sir, &c. M. J.

Kensington, Oct. 9th, 1822.

THE FOREIGN BOY'S DISASTER.

'A real anecdote, quite a circumstance.'

DICKEY SUETT.

'Oh! dear, oh! dear,' blubbered a poor wandering foreign boy, over the wreck of his broken images, which he had but a moment before been calling 'very pretty, very fine,' and inviting passengers to buy. He had set down his board on a low wall, at the corner of one of the new buildings, near White Conduit House, and the wind, which happened to be very high, had overturned all his stock in trade. A crowd, as is usual even on occasions of less importance, had gathered round the poor fellow, who appeared to be about sixteen, as he was grovelling in the dirt, crying heartily, and endeavouring to find some part of his stock safe and sound, which he could not, except, indeed, a penny cat or two, whose *solidity* had saved them.—'Oh! dear, oh! dear,' again cried the poor fellow, as he picked up his broken vases and figures, and set them upright, as if he could restore them to their pristine beauty, but in vain; just as one often sees a poor child, who has thrown down a jug of milk, pick up the handle and two or three other pieces, try to put them together, and then throw them down again in utter despair. Such was the poor foreign boy's case; and yet it was a scene that occasioned very opposite feelings,—pity and mirth; no one, but a brute, could have passed by without pitying the poor lad; and yet the whole appearance of the thing was so ludicrous, that to avoid smiling was impossible. There lay the potentates and conquerors of the earth in broken confusion, with birds and beasts of various sorts: but as he began to arrange them (broken as they were) in

an upright position, it became irresistibly droll; first of all he picked up Bonaparte, who is always depicted with his arms folded, and in a posture of great apparent calmness and self-possession;—he had *only lost his head*—and as the boy set him up, he seemed to *look*—pardon the bull, gentle reader—on the rest of the mutilations with ineffable contempt; there lay Wellington at his feet, broken entirely to pieces, except his head, which the boy, in his despair, tried to fit on Bonaparte's shoulders,—*it would not do*, so he laid it down again. The bust of a great personage was so damaged that all attempts at re-union failed; while that of a departed queen, which had escaped better, seemed to look down with an appearance of angelic pity and forgiveness on the other. After several by-standers had been for some time amused in this way, and with such wild fancies, it was recollected that though it might be sport to them, it was ruin to the boy. Some one asked the value of his stock, '*twelve shilling*,' said he. It was presumed he meant what it was to produce, and that, consequently, if he did not get quite so much, he might still be made happy; a sort of subscription was raised; one carried away the queen's head for his money; another took *Bonaparte below the shoulders* for his; and in this way the boy's smiles were restored, peace again visited his breast, and he trudged back to his task-masters with a something like delight.

J. M. LACEY.

INCONGRUITIES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

No expression in descriptive writing is more frequent, than that such or such a lake is a 'beautiful *sheet* of water;'—and yet no term is more indefinite or worse understood than this. To a stranger to the object described, it may imply an extent of water fifty miles in diameter, while, perhaps, to another, it does not suggest a space larger than a mill-pond. It is evident that, unless the author who uses a term so undefined, specifies the actual length and breadth of the water he describes, no person can form the slightest idea of the dimensions of this said *sheet* of water. As an improvement on the expression, I take the liberty to suggest a plan by which such indefinite description may be avoided, without changing the word now in general use. I would term all the largest lakes or expanses of water, say, for instance, not less than

fifty miles in length and ten in breadth, a *sheet* of water;—those of less dimensions, or twenty-five miles in length and five in breadth, a *half-sheet*;—those of smaller size, a *quarter-sheet*;—and lakes still smaller than these may be distinguished by the terms *octavo pages of water*, *duodecimo pages*, &c.—till the most insignificant pond should have a distinctive name, that should represent its relative size to the mind with sufficient accuracy. To the public the introduction of this plan would be of essential service; and if it were once generally adopted, no one could be at a loss to conceive the meaning of another. Few persons who read books are ignorant of the comparative sizes into which paper is folded; and if the appointed standard were to be *fools-cap*, many respectable authors would find themselves at home.

Another expression of unrestricted meaning frequently met with in books, is 'an *arm of the sea*.' The writers who first used this term had certainly their reasons for doing so. Perhaps they metaphorically supposed the sea an animal; but if they took the idea from the human species, and gave the name of *arm* to places relatively situated in the ocean, there is an incongruity in the expression, which is really ludicrous; for no analogy can reconcile either an *arm* or the *bottom* of the sea to the corresponding parts in the 'human form divine.' Sometimes we find the phrase, *arm of the sea*, put for a navigable inlet one hundred miles in length:—at other times, a creek not extending so many yards is so denominated. If the sea is to be a metaphorical monster (and so it must be, for it has more than a hundred *arms* in Scotland alone), why do not geographers lay down the position of its *legs* as well as its *arms*? or, if it has no *legs*, may it not have *fins* and a *tail*?

A *ridge* or *chain* of mountains *running* across or *traversing* an island or a continent, is another phrase in very common use among our geographical writers; whereas, the fact is, that the said ridges, luckily for the stability of the earth's surface, continue, and have continued since the creation, in their accustomed places. Knowing of no good reason, either moral, political, or orthographical, for using these misapplied metaphorical terms, may I beg to suggest, that authors ought to employ words which, in their meaning, include the immovability of these fixtures of nature.

PETER PANGLOSS, L. L. D. F. R. S. & S. S.

Original Poetry.

AH! TELL ME, EMMA!

WHY that mournful look of woe love,
Why that deep—that length'ned sigh;
Why the tear with sudden flow, love,
Trembles in thine azure eye.

Ah! tell me, Emma!

If my gaze you chance to meet, love,
Why avert thy cheek from me;
Is it, then, a bliss too sweet, love,
For mine eyes to turn on thee.

Ah! tell me, Emma!

Dost thou then no longer love me,
Can that bosom hold deceit,
Must I, Emma, faithless prove thee?
Must my sorrow be complete?

Ah! tell me, Emma!

SAM. SPRITSAIL.

TO ROSA.

CEASE, dearest Rosa, cease to blame,
That I so warmly woo,
Since 'tis from thee I catch that flame,
Which burns so bright for you.

If thou would'st have a lukewarm love,
Or like the mountain's snow;
Thy beauty thou must far remove,
Where I can never go.

But let a mutual passion blend
Thy tender heart and mine;
Blest union which shall never end,
Till love itself decline.

Then cease, dear Rosa, cease to blame,
That I so warmly woo;
Rather increase that ardent flame,
Which burns alone for you. L.

THE ROSE OF LOVE.

THE rose that once found rest
On a lip so sweet as thine, love,
Never, never shall be prest,
By any lip than mine, love.

Softly speak, and Cupid hush,
Nor let my pen define love,
Where every thought creates a blush,
From a heart so wild as mine, love!

Fain I'd tell the thoughts that rise
In quick succession there, love!
But Heaven in pity hears my sighs,
And you the tale may spare, love!

To love I tune my plaintive lyre,
And every chord shall be, love,
In union with that soft desire,
Which breathes alone for thee, love.

Take back the flower, and let my bliss,
In its bosom live for ever, love;
Imprint on its leaves thy dearest kiss,
And I will part from it never, love!

THALIA.

THE LIBERTINE.

I'VE a lass for each season that rolls round the
year,

And no mortal their charms could resist,
Yet not one does so fair to my fancy appear,
Not one to my bosom was ever so dear,
As Matilda, the last on the list.

The sunshine of *Spring* and the genial
show'r,

Brings no blossom so lovely as she;
Nor is the wild rose that encircles the bow'r,

Nor the evening breeze, tho' perfum'd by each
flow'r,

Half so sweet as Matilda to me.

Like the sun of the *Summer's* all-bright'ning
rays,

Her eyes gave the splendour of day;
I scarcely can look on the beautiful blaze,
Yet I live in the light of her heavenly gaze,
And 'tis night when she turns it away.

The snow of the *Winter* is not half so white,
Or so pure as her bosom must be;

But listen, ye lovers, this freezes me quite,—
There ne'er was a wind in a wintry night,
Half so cold as Matilda to me!

JESSE HAMMOND.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. — The opening of a winter theatre always forms a sort of era in the year; but the opening of a *new* theatre is an important era of the age, at least so it is considered in the metropolis; and the day, 'the important day, big with the fate of the manager and his house,' when a new theatre is to open, is always looked to with unusual anxiety. This feeling was remarkably observable with regard to the opening of Drury Lane Theatre; for, although the walls of this building remain the same, yet this is the case with the walls only, for the whole interior has been entirely pulled down and rebuilt.

Of the improvements which have been made, we have already spoken; the rapidity with which they have been made is really astonishing, and do great credit to the ingenious architect, Mr. Beazley, who, in less than sixty days, has entirely rebuilt the interior of the theatre. On Tuesday, the theatre was lighted up for the first time, and exhibited to a numerous host of visitors, who were admitted by tickets, and included a considerable portion of the authors, editors, critics, and friends of the drama now in town. The great improvement is in compressing the size and altering the shape of the audience part of the theatre, which is now so constructed as to give every part of the audience a full view of the stage, and at not too great a distance for hearing all that passes on it. The embellishments are remarkably chaste and elegant; the usual tinsel of the theatre has been abandoned, and good taste is no longer outraged by gaudy colours or inappropriate devices. If we have any fault to find, it is, that the pannels of the dress circle, which represent subjects from Shakespeare, are rather of two delicate a colour for effect. The stage is not diminished; on the contra-

ry, it is enlarged, and affords ample space for spectacle, should the town require it; but, while there is such a company at New (we like the name of *Old*) Drury as it at present possesses, we will not think so ill of the public taste.

On the following evening, that is, on Wednesday, the theatre opened for the season, with Sheridan's matchless comedy, the *School for Scandal*, with the farce of the *Poor Soldier*. *Paul and Virginia* was originally fixed for the after-piece, but not publicly announced. The moment the doors were opened, the rush into every part of the house was very great. The pit was filled in five minutes; the galleries in half the time; and the boxes as rapidly as tickets could be given. The entertainments commenced with the national anthem, which was extremely well sung. Then followed an address, admirably delivered by Mr. Terry, who thus made his first appearance on this stage. The following is a copy of the address, which is said to be from the pen of Mr. George Colman:—

'Since theatres so oft, in this our time,
Are launch'd upon the town with solemn
rhyme,
Thoughts ready-made to fit the theme are
found,

Like last year's tunes on barrel organs ground;
And poets furbish, in the bathos style,
Old troops and figures for the new-built pile:
The sock and buskin named—the muses fol-
low;

Then Opera, always prefaced with Apollo;
But architecture's claims when we enforce,
Vitruvius and Palladio come of course.
Till, after a long dance through Greece and
Rome,
To Dryden, Otway, Congreve, getting home,
We end with Shakspeare's Ghost, still hov'ring
on our dome!

Alas! how vainly will our modern fry
Strive with the old Leviathans to vie!
How foolishly comparison provoke
With lines that Johnson writ, and Garrick
spoke.—

Abandon we a strain, without more fuss,
Which, when attempted, has abandon'd us;
And let us guiltless be, however dull,
Of murdering the sublime and beautiful!
Thus, then:—our manager, who scouts the
fears

Of pulling an old house about his ears,
Has spared, of our late edifice's pride,
The outward walls, and little else beside:
Anxious has been *that* labour to complete
Which makes magnificence and *comfort* meet;
Anxious that multitudes may *sit* at ease,
And scantier numbers in no desert freeze;
That ample space may mark the liberal plan,
But never strain the eyes or ears of man.
Look round and judge; his efforts all are waste
Unless you stamp them as a work of taste:
Nor blame him for transporting from his floors
Those old offenders here—the two stage doors;
Doors which have oft with burnish'd pannels
stood,

And golden knockers glittering in a wood,

Which, on their posts, through every change remain'd

Fast as Bray's Vicar, whosoever reign'd;
That served for palace, cottage, street, or hall
Used for each place, and out of place in all;
Station'd, like watchmen who in lamplight sit,
For all the business of the night unfit.

So much for visual senses;—what follows next,
Is chiefly on the histrionic text:

And our adventurer has toil'd to store
His list of favourites with some favourites more;
Sought planets ROVING from their former sphere,

And fix'd, as stars, the brilliant wanderers here;
To Drury's luminaries added light,

And made his sky with constellations bright.

Rich the repast, and may, we trust, insure

The custom of the scenic epicure;

E'en I, although among the last and least,

May pass, perhaps, as garnish to the feast.

As for our living dramatists—if now

The genuine bays disdain to deck their brow,
Still they can please, and, as they're dull or clever,

You patronize or damn, the same as ever;

For each degree of talent, after all,

Must here, by your decision, rise or fall.

After this address, which was extremely well received, the curtain drew up for the comedy, which was well cast; as the favourite actors made their appearance, they were loudly cheered, particularly Dowton, who has been absent from these boards these two years. Munden was announced for Sir Peter Teazle, but, in consequence of indisposition, he could not attend, and it fell into other and (with all respect to an old favourite, we must say into) better hands—the part being undertaken by Mr. Terry. Munden is amusing in every thing; but there is a want of dignity in his Sir Peter, who never ceases to be a gentleman; even Terry, we think, might improve in this respect. In petulancy and in all the embarrassments which afflict the old man of sixty, who has married a young wife, Terry acts fully up to the spirit of the author, and certainly plays the character as well, if not better, than any person on the stage. Elliston's Charles Surface has all the gaiety of the character and the actor, yet there are many parts, in which we like him better; and, indeed, though we know he will not admit it, his Joseph Surface is a much better performance. Mr. Cooper appeared in the latter character, and played it respectably. Dowton was Sir Oliver Surface—the same Sir Oliver we have so often seen and admired, and which we witnessed with as much pleasure as when it first struck us by its nature and originality. Harley's Sir Benjamin Backbite was good, and Mr. Gattie's Crabtree tolerable. Of the other characters we have nothing to say, except as to the ladies,—Mrs. West was the Lady Teazle, and she played

in a pleasing manner; genteel comedy is, however, not her *forte*. Mrs. Glover's Mrs. Candour was a fine piece of acting; and the whole play went off with immense applause.

In the after-piece, a Mr. Miller, with a very pleasing voice, appeared as Dermott; but we must see him again before we speak very decisively as to his merits, though the audience was more liberal, and received him very favourably.

On Thursday, Mr. Young made his first appearance as *Hamlet* at this theatre; he was very cordially greeted upon his entré. Madame Vestris played Ophelia, for the first time, very successfully, and the piece was well cast and admirably played throughout.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Wednesday night, Miss Chester made her second appearance in the character of Mrs. Oakley, in the *Jealous Wife*; her first performance well merited and received our warm commendations, and the repetition increases our admiration and confirms our judgment. We omitted noticing Mr. Jones's Lord Foppington, which is certainly an admirable piece of acting; but it is very seldom that this gentleman takes any character in which he fails to delight. The piece was extremely well performed to a thinner audience than its merits demanded.

On Thursday, *Venice Preserved* was repeated. Miss Lacy played Belvidera with increased ability, and was delightfully interesting; Mr. Charles Kemble was very great in Jaffier, and Abbot tolerable in Pierre. Although the house was but thinly attended, the audience acknowledged their delight by repeated plaudits, which were continued for some time after the fall of the curtain.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—This house closed an active, and, we believe, a lucrative, season on Tuesday night. The company, from the commencement, was very effective, and, in the course of the season, it received much powerful aid, particularly in the vocal department, by the accession of Miss Paton, who has established for herself a high reputation, and obtained an advantageous engagement at one of the winter houses. Several successful novelties were produced, including three new pieces from the pen of the indefatigable manager, Mr. T. Dibdin, to whose good taste, activity, and direction, much of the success of the season may be attributed. The house has been very well attended during the whole of the season, and on

Tuesday night it was crowded in every part. The following farewell-address was delivered by Mr. Dibdin, the manager, and was very flatteringly received:—

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am desired by the proprietors to present you with their sincere and grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which you have honoured the season, which terminates with the performances of this evening.

'They beg to assure you, that the long vacation we are doomed to suffer, shall be employed in every exertion to render this house and its establishment worthy a continuance of your generous support.

'During our short campaign, we have to thank your indulgence for the complete success of every novelty we have presented; and, among the new candidates who have adventured upon these boards, a young lady, whom your discriminate award has raised to the highest rank of musical pretension, will ever have to recollect that her first efforts were encouraged by the friends and patrons of the Haymarket Theatre.

'The performers also wish to express their high sense of the kindness you have shown them; and I hope, ladies and gentlemen, it may not be deemed intrusive if I take the liberty of thanking each of them who have, by their zeal, alacrity, and talent, carried into effect every intention of the management.

'In the name of the proprietor, the performers, and most humbly in my own, while taking a grateful leave, I wish you every possible happiness till the return of summer shall renew our hopes to meet, and ardent wishes to merit, the future sunshine of your favour and protection.'

MRS. GARRICK.—This lady closed her life on Wednesday night, at twelve o'clock, at her house, on the Adelphi Terrace, in the one hundredth year of her age. Her maiden name was Violette, and she was a native of Germany, not Italy, as generally supposed. She was born at Vienna, where she was a dancer highly admired. At an early age she was taken under the protection of Lord and Lady Burlington, with whom she resided at her marriage. It is understood that Lord Burlington gave her 6000*l.* as a marriage portion. Mrs. Garrick was remarkably beautiful in her face and person, and till her death she retained that erect deportment which she derived from her original profession. Garrick, always sensibly affected by ridicule, endeavoured to avert it on his marriage, and, therefore, published a poem on the occasion, of which he induced his friend, Ned Moore, as he was familiarly styled, the author of the tragedy of the *Gamester*, to assume the credit; but it was well known to Garrick's friends, and particularly the late Dr. Monsey, of Chelsea College, who was intimate with both, that it was really the production of

Garrick himself, written for the purpose of anticipating the wit and humour likely to assail him, on his adopting the character of Benedict in real life. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were a very happy couple, and enjoyed the highest society in the kingdom, till the close of his life, in the January of 1779; and it is remarkable that, during the whole period of their marriage, whatever invitations they received, or excursions they took, they never once slept asunder.—*Evening paper.* Another paper states that her death was so sudden, that she was making arrangements for going to see the re-opening of Drury Lane.

Literature and Science.

NORTH-WEST LAND EXPEDITION.

We feel happy to announce the safe arrival of Capt. Franklin and the gentlemen composing the north-west land expedition.

It appears, that the toils and the sufferings of the expedition have been of the most trying description, and that, if they do not exceed belief, they were at least of such a nature as almost to overcome the stoutest heart, and deter all future attempts of a similar tendency. It was fitted out in the summer of 1819, and, in the course of the following year, it was enabled, by a liberal aid and reinforcement from the N. W. Company, to advance to the shores of the Great Bear Lake, which, we think, is situated in about 67 deg. north lat. where it encamped and wintered. In the ensuing spring, it approached the Copper Mine River, which it descended until it fell into the ocean. Hitherto the expedition was accompanied by Mr. Wintzel, a clerk to the North West Company, with ten of their best Indian hunters; but the wide and open sea, which appeared at the confluence of the river with the ocean, elated the expedition so much with the hope of ultimate success, that it was thought proper to dispense with the further attendance of Mr. Wintzel and his hunters, who accordingly returned up the river, leaving the expedition to proceed in two canoes to explore the coast of the Polar Sea, eastward from the mouth of the Copper Mine River towards Hudson's Bay. But it seems that, in consequence of the approach of winter, so early as the latter end of August, heavy falls of snow, dense as mist, and an extremely bare and ill-provided wardrobe, the expedition was unfortunately prevented from accomplishing its end, farther than exploring about 500 miles of the coast, which lies to the north-east of the Copper Mine River, and ascertaining, that so far as the eye could penetrate, the sea which lay before them was quite open, and perfectly free of ice.

As the expedition returned, its wants and its exigencies became alarming in the extreme, and it soon required the whole fortitude of the heart, and the utmost exertion of the frame, to brave the hardships which stared it in the face. In approaching that part of the Copper Mine River

from which it set out, it was necessary to double an immense point of land, which would occupy a greater length of time than its emergencies would well admit of, and it was therefore deemed necessary to set the canoes adrift, and cut a direct course over land to the Copper Mine River. When the travellers arrived on the banks of the river, they experienced some difficulties how to get across, but having killed ten elks, with the skins of which they contrived to construct a canoe, this hardship was soon overcome: but the joy which it diffused was as transient as disappointed hope. In forcing their melancholy way through the untravelled wilds between the Copper Mine River and the Great Bear Lake, they fell completely short of provisions, and were for many days under the necessity of subsisting upon sea-weeds, and a powder produced from pounding the withered bones of the food which they had already consumed. In this struggle, betwixt the love of life and the dread of a death that must be terrifying to all mankind, Mr. Wood, nine Canadians, and an Esquimaux, fell untimely and regretted victims; and had not the survivors, who for several days were driven to the necessity of prolonging a miserable existence, by feeding upon the tattered remnants of their shoes, and, we fear, upon a more forbidding and unpalatable fare, exerted themselves by a super-human effort to reach the Great Bear Lake, it is probable that they would have all suffered the most exquisite and appalling martyrdom. Here they found the heads and the bleached bones of the animals that had served them for last winter's provisions, which afforded them the melancholy ingredients for preserving the vital spark, until their arrival at some post belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. It is said, that upon the arrival of this surviving party of the expedition at Slave Lake, the Canadians there were very high breaking forth into some alarming outrage, when they found that their former comrades, instead of returning with the expedition, had been lost for ever; but we understand, that no serious injury has transpired, in consequence of this very natural disappointment.

Lieutenant Franklin and the rest of the gentlemen engaged in this expedition, arrived safely in Yarmouth Roads on Wednesday last.

The Bee.

Music.—The passion of De Luc, the natural philosopher, for music, was so predominant in his latter days, that a piano was placed by his bed-side, on which his daughter played great part of the day. The evening of his death, seeing her father ready to sink into a slumber, she asked him—'Shall I play any more?'—'Keep playing!' said he, 'Keep playing!' He slept; but awoke no more.

A great medical writer has remarked, that he never knew a single instance of a person living beyond eighty years of age who was not descended from long-lived ancestors.

Arab Hospitality.—The traveller Burckhardt alighted at the tent of an Arab Sheik, who was at the time dying of a wound. But such was the hospitality of the Arabs, that he was never informed of the Sheik's misfortune till the following day: a lamb was killed, and a friend of the family did the honours of the table. This trait of delicacy in the notions of hospitality illustrates the dialogue between Hercules and the Servant, at the beginning of the *Alceste* of Euripides.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The conclusion of the 'Hog, a mock-heroic Oration,' and several other articles, intended for insertion, are unavoidably deferred to our next.

'Lines to Fancy,' 'Harvest Home,' and 'Antiquarian Reminiscences,' in our next.

'Dreams,' 'Elfrida,' and the favours of Nimrod, Eustace, and Carbuncle, have been received, and are under consideration.

We shall be happy to see W. B.'s journal.

As it has ever been our object to make *The Literary Chronicle* a fair and full record of the literature and science of the time, we invite such authors and booksellers as may have published works within the current year, that are yet unnoticed in *The Literary Chronicle*, to forward copies to our publisher, when they shall all have early attention,—

'And praise or censure then we'll frankly deal, If not as authors wish—as critics feel.'

Erratum: In our notice of the Adelphi Theatre last week, p. 653, col. 2, the misplacing of a 'not' caused a notable blunder. The first six lines should read as follow:—'Solomon says there is unto every thing a season; and had he lived to the present day, he, perhaps, would not have made an exception even to *Tom and Jerry*; but we are sure he would have censured giving to it two seasons,' &c.

Advertisement.

This day was published, price 5s. coloured, **THE PERPETUAL ALMANACK**; exhibiting, on Moveable Cards, the Fast and Festivals of the Church, Public Holidays, the Sun's Rising and Setting, Tables of Terms and Returns, &c. &c.

Also, price 1s. 6d.

The COMPANION to the ALMANACK; or Perpetual Weather Guide: to correspond in size with the above.

Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave-Maria-Lane.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; H. and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.—Published in New York by Mr. Seaman.